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THE EDITOR'S CENTENNIAL.

The waves of time have lashed their spray
Against our rocking pulpit world
One hundred times since that great day
That Freedom's banner was unfurled
Above the ranks where heroes stood
Prepared to die at Freedom's call
Which first rang out o'er town and wood
From grand old Independence Hall!

Brave colonists with hearts so true
They dared throw off their galling yokes—
"Why, Uncle Sam! how do you do?"
This morning? How are all the folks?
Glad to hear they're well,—"and with
The steel and sword and bayonet
Defend the right—"No, Mr. Smith,
Your posters are not printed yet."

They met, nor flinched, nor bent the knee
To hirelings from a foreign shore;
Their cry was "Death or Liberty!"
"Come back, you scoundrels, and shut the door!"
War's thunder rolled! Columbia's skies
Were veiled, and lofty mountains shook—
"A quarter, sir, will advertise
Your lost morocco pocketbook."

And flags were dyed with many a drop
Of crimson gore—though it did cost
"Get shaved! You'll find a barber shop
This side—the second door below!"
Did flow—until the ground was wet
And dotted o'er with clotted pools—
"No! haven't any copy yet."
Tell them to set upon their stools!"

They fought ("No!" like the sons of Troy,
And drove the British from our shores
That we today "Death or Liberty!"
The peace (Oh, curse the office horse!)
The peace ("Whose puddle do you mean?
Get out! Now, let the 'devil' come,
I've copy for him, and it's fat!"
The death of—Pandemonium!

THE STORY OF AN ELOPEMENT.

It commenced by Mrs. Sawyer's arrival at Mrs. Muffit's early in the forenoon, evidently in a state of great excitement, and full of news. With an air of profound mystery, she drew Mrs. Muffit from the wash-tub to the sitting-room, and said to her:

"What do you think has happened?"

Now Mrs. Sawyer was well known in Myrtleville as "newsy," as one who lost no opportunities of collecting the most reliable and startling items of information regarding the sayings and doings of the Myrtlevillians. Accordingly Mrs. Muffit prepared her mind for tidings of moment:

"What is it?" asked she, drying her hands on her apron and settling down in a chair for a "good talk."

"You'll not tell I told you?"

"Never."

"Because it wasn't intended for me to hear. I just happened over to Mrs. Seymour's this morning, and Mrs. Kately was in there, and the door stood open, and I couldn't but hear what was said, you know, and—"

"But what was it?" cried Mrs. Muffit, as Mrs. Sawyer paused for breath.

"Fred Seymour and Belle Grainger have eloped."

"Eloped!"

"Mrs. Seymour was telling Mrs. Kately as I went in. As soon as they saw me coming, they began to talk about the news in the morning paper; at you can't throw me off the track in that way."

"Oh, my goodness!" cried Mrs. Muffit, suddenly, as if some inspiration had seized her.

"You've heard something too," cried the wife.

"No, but I saw Belle Grainger this morning, quite early, passing by here, in the direction of the depot, and she had on her traveling dress, and her water-proof, and carried her satchel."

"Going to meet him on the 8 o'clock train. Oh, the sly, deceitful thing. Think of her poor father! It is awful."

"And her sick mother. It is awful. And everybody knows Fred Seymour is as good as engaged to Susy Belknap."

"There! I'll go right over to Belknap's," cried Mrs. Sawyer. "Somebody ought to break it gently to poor Susan. Poor girl. No wonder they went off slyly."

And away bustled Mrs. Sawyer to find Mrs. Belknap and Susan in the sitting room, sewing. It was a keen satisfaction to tell the news there, for Mrs. Belknap, being in delicate health, and possessing ample means, kept a servant and lived in a style of refinement that Myrtleville generally condemned as "putting on airs." To take her "down a peg," as Mrs. Sawyer mentally resolved to do, was a vulgar triumph she enjoyed greatly in anticipation. But it was in anticipation only. Mrs. Belknap and her daughter received the news in a quiet way, as if the gossip possessed no special interest for them, asking no questions, and manifesting no chagrin. The story had grown a little on its way through Mrs. Muffit's sitting room, and Mrs. Sawyer had now a full description of the runaway bride's costume, and the train was specified upon which the young couple traveled.

But after Mrs. Sawyer had gone to take her news elsewhere, Susy turned a pale face to her mother, asking pitifully:

"Oh, mamma, can it be true?"

"I will go over to Mrs. Seymour's, dear, if you wish it."

"Not for the world. If it is true, we must never let any one know how we feel it," and her lips quivered.

"Fortunately, no one knows we are actually engaged. If it is not true—"

"It seems to come very direct," said Mrs. Belknap, as she drew her daughter in a close, motherly embrace. "Mrs. Sawyer is a terrible gossip and a busy-body, but I never knew her to be guilty of absolute falsehood."

"Mrs. Kately is very intimate with Mrs. Seymour. I have heard Fred say they were schoolmates. So it is quite natural for her to be telling Mrs. Kately, and speak of something else when Mrs. Sawyer went in."

"I can scarcely believe it of Fred," said Mrs. Belknap.

"Nor I. And Belle, too, who has been my friend so long, and her only interest in Fred seemed to be in his love for me. Oh, mother! I can't believe it."

In the meantime the story was spreading from house to house, gaining a little here, a little there, as it was repeated. Mrs. Gray had seen Fred Seymour going in the direction of the depot at half-past seven, and it did not seem to occur to the gossips that, as his business was in New York, this was a sight of daily occurrence. Another one had always thought Miss Grainger's quiet, modest manners, covered a deceitful heart. Some pitied Susy, some congratulated her upon her escape. The young couple were discovered to have every fault the imagination of their accusers could summon up, and Mrs. Belknap and Mrs. Seymour shared the odium and pity with Mrs. Grainger, who certainly should have attended more strictly to the education of her daughter, and given her a more careful moral training.

Every mother in Myrtleville was pitiously thankful it was not her daughter who had so disgraced herself, and the daughters, as a general rule, secretly wished they had had Miss Grainger's chance, for Fred Seymour was decidedly a beau in Myrtleville, and his mother was known to have a property from her late husband that would make the young man independent, when, in the course of nature, it reverted to him. He was engaged on one of the daily evening papers of the great metropolis, and considered talented and upright, a man who in time would make a name and position of honor. His attention to Susy Belknap, though the fact of their engagement had not yet been published, had been too marked to escape the notice of eyes so prying as those possessed by the good people of Myrtleville, and his inconstancy was a matter of marvel, as Susy was a maiden whom any man might have been proud to win.

When the 4 o'clock train came in, Mr. Grainger, a little nervous man, all excitability, was amazed at the sympathizing faces that greeted him on the platform. A chill like death seized his heart. For years his wife had been an invalid, suffering from spine complaint. Had she died while he was away? White as a sheet, he turned to a friend standing near, saying:

"Why do you look at me? What is the matter at home?"

"My poor friend, have you heard nothing?"

"A choking sensation came over the loving husband, but he struggled against it, saying:

"Quick, tell me! Is it Mary?"

"No. Mrs. Grainger is as well as usual, I believe; but there is a very sad story to break to you regarding your daughter."

"What took the place of terror."

"My daughter!" cried the little man, furiously. "Who dares to carry stories about my daughter?"

"Well—you—see," stammered his friend, "the women folks say she eloped this morning with Fred Seymour."

"Fred Seymour! Why, he's head over ears in love with Susy Belknap. My Belle! Why, she has been engaged for two years to Lieut. Weston of the navy, though we did not publish the fact for the benefit of all the tattlers in Myrtleville."

"I am afraid, was the reply, that it was the fact of these engagements that drove them to secrecy and elopement."

"I tell you the whole story is false!" roared the excited father. "I'll make these mischief-makers eat their own words! My Belle, indeed! They must be crazy."

But on his way home, Mr. Grainger met the report in so many places, heard it in such plausible versions, that he entered his wife's room with a very grave face, from which all angry excitement had vanished.

"Where is Belle, Mary?" he asked.

"She went to New York this morning to do some shopping. She will stay at her Aunt Maria's to-night."

"Did young Seymour go up on the same train?"

"I suppose so. He usually goes at eight, and that was the train that Belle took."

Mr. Grainger was on the point of telling his wife the whole story, but on second thought he restrained the impulse. Sure in his own fatherly confidence in his gentle, modest child, that there was some mistake admitting of explanation, he said nothing. After all, it was a subject of congratulation that none of the busy bodies of Myrtleville had invaded the sick room, and he easily made some trivial excuse for going out again. He was determined to sift the gossip thoroughly before alarming the invalid, and his first visit was to the telegraph office at the railway station.

"Is Belle at your house?" flashed over the wires, and was carried to a handsome house in the city.

"Yes. Will be down on the next train," was the answer; for poor Belle imagined there was death or frightful illness to cause her father's message when a visit to her aunt's was such a common occurrence.

Satisfied on this point, Mr. Grainger quietly waited until the train came in, walked up Main street, with his daughter on his arm, left her at home, and started out to defy all Myrtleville.

From house to house he traveled with exemplary patience, and followed the snake like coils of the story, till he faced Mrs. Sawyer, who earnestly assured him:

"Mrs. Seymour and Mrs. Kately were in the sitting-room as I came in the back way through the kitchen. They were talking, and just as I got to the door, Mrs. Seymour told Mrs. Kately that her son and Belle Grainger had eloped. They saw me then, and Mrs. Seymour said very carefully:

"Here are the morning papers, Mrs. Kately," just to change the conversation.

"And you rushed off to carry the news all over Myrtleville," said Mrs. Grainger.

"Well, I thought it must be true, from such an authority."

"Pshaw! You misunderstood what was said."

"I tell you I heard her as plain as I hear you now."

"Telling Mrs. Kately her son and my daughter had eloped?"

"Yes. I'd swear it on my oath!" said Mrs. Sawyer, as if there was several other ways of swearing, if she chose to take her choice.

"Suppose you step over to Mrs. Kately's with me?"

"Well, I will."

But to Mrs. Sawyer's discomfort, Mrs. Kately denied the story entirely. Mrs. Seymour had never given her any such information, either in confidence or otherwise. Mrs. Sawyer tearfully persisted in her story; and finally the trio went to Mrs. Seymour's. The hero of the story was by this time at home, and eating his supper when the visitors entered.

It was an awkward story to tell, but it was told; and Mrs. Seymour's face was a picture of indignant surprise.

"I," she cried—"I said my Fred had eloped with Belle Grainger! Why, Mrs. Sawyer, you must surely be dreaming!"

"You said so. I heard you," sobbed the widow.

"Said what?"

"You said distinctly, 'Belle Grainger ran away with my son, this morning.'"

At this moment Mrs. Seymour burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, to the great consternation of her audience. She laughed till she was obliged to wipe the tears from her eyes; when, catching sight of Mr. Grainger's disturbed face, she said, with sudden gravity:

"Pardon me, Mr. Grainger, I see I have most innocently caused you a serious annoyance. The truth of the story is this: Fred, as you know, has all the morning papers sent to him on the early train, and many of the neighbors come in to borrow them. Mrs. Kately always likes to see the *Sun*, and I save it for her; but this morning your daughter stopped on her way to the depot for a paper to read as she rode to the city, and took the *Sun*. When Mrs. Kately came for the papers, I said to her, 'Belle Grainger ran away with my *Sun* this morning!'"

"And all Myrtleville has been busy with the scandal Mrs. Sawyer manufactured out of your remark," cried Mr. Grainger; "but let us hope that the originator of the rumor will be as active in contradicting it as she was in circulating it."

Pretty Susy was not left long in doubt, for Fred, having drawn from Mrs. Sawyer the confession that she thought it a duty to tell the Belknaps the first thing, hastened over to his betrothed wife, to give vent to her indignation against all tattlers and mischief-makers.

Very soon after Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Seymour's wedding cards put the final contradiction to the Myrtleville scandal.

Pooled.

Can't something be done about it. We are tired enough to cry, and it has been going on for weeks. We got a cord of newspapers in last night's mail, and sat down to the task of skimming them over. Being in a "hark-from-the-tombs" frame of mind we read:

"The world is full of snakes and pitfalls, and the feet of the young are turned into forbidden paths; gray-haired fathers weep for the untimely taking off of their sons, who might have been saved by Dr. Jenkins' diamond medical discovery."

We flung away the paper, and take another:

"Moody and Sankey, the revivalists, are stirring the Quaker City from turret to foundation stone. Thousands of people daily assemble at the drug stores inquiring for Dr. Jenkins' diamond medical discovery."

We tear the paper into bits, and hop around and sweep the room in three seconds. Then William slides down in his easy chair, puts his feet against the mantel vase, and asks to be soothed:

"To raise good onions, select moist, well drained soil, work it mellow, lay out your beds, mark the drills a foot apart, and when comes a warmish day, go to your home grocer and get good solid sets, and Dr. Jenkins' diamond medical discovery."

We choked with wrath, and William squeaked out, "Why don't you go on?"

"You miserable man, if you want advertisements, read, read them yourself."

We take a "Bosting" sheet, and sail in carefully:

"As there are two sides to every question, there must be two sides to the school question, and the best intellects of the age stand arrayed against each other in this fateful battle-ground; but, while men debate and disagree upon minor topics, they all assent to the established fact that Dr. Jenkins' diamond medical discovery."

We hope this latter day essayist will fizzle like the buchu man. We hope his wife will leave him as Mrs. Vinegar Bitters has her husband. We hope there may be a special earthquake under his feet that will upon a crack big enough to take in one man. We only read the deaths and marriages now, and avoid the comments on them. If some fellow-sufferer will catch the man and hold him, we'll raise an army and march on to Buffalo with his "compositions," and shout with him in his ears till he is deaf, and then cram them in his mouth and sew it up, and put his eyes out with "medical discovery."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Stupendous Centennial Bust.

A recent number of *La Staffetta*, an Italian journal, informs us that the Italian sculptor, Pietro Guarnerio, of Milan, who won a prize at the Viennese Exposition for two groups of his which were purchased by the Emperor of Austria, and repetitions of which were afterward ordered by the Emperor of Germany, has now in hand a most wonderful bust of Washington. Signor Guarnerio, it appears, understands it to be the intention of our Centennial Commissioners to erect a single building covering an area of 2,578,000 square metres, and representing, therefore, a length of more than one statute mile on each side, together with a tower to be of three times the height of the so-called "Tower of Babel," of the Cathedral of Milan, or, in round numbers, about 1,075 feet. Naturally enough Signor Guarnerio has come to the conclusion that anybody who expects any view of his to be so much as visible in so vast an edifice, the like of which, he justly observes, "has never been seen before on earth that we know of," must put himself to unusual pains in the way of conception and execution. So Signor Guarnerio is now engaged in making a colossal bust of the father of our country "at the moment when he gave the United States their Constitution," and, in order to give this bust "dimensions adequate to the circumstances," he has purchased four car-loads of modeling clay, and is making a figure, the little finger of the left hand of which is to be twenty-six centimetres, or about a quarter of a yard in length! It is gratifying to know, on the authority of *La Staffetta*, that in this remarkable work "the great citizen" of America is represented in the most simple and natural attitude possible, and expresses the satisfaction of a stainless conscience which, having fulfilled a sublime act, and being convinced that it has discharged its duty thoroughly, feels that it has touched the summit of its wishes.

Man in the Raw.

A maiden lady writes: Let us take a bird's-eye view of the men as we know find them—men with their "noble passions," their prominent qualifications. What is their love? Egotism. Their heroism? British dare devilism. Their cleverness? Imaginative. Their vows of love? Perjury. Their faith and fidelity? A broken reed. And where they are good-natured you may be sure it is from stupidity. They are saving when they are to settle household accounts. Generous toward girls—young, inexperienced chits. Severe judges of morals—toward their wives. Full of devotion—to pretty house, nurse, and waiter girls. They tenderly care for their horses, dogs, etc., and are amiable everywhere but at home. The married man can be classified as:

Heckled,

Sour and grumpy,

Rakes,

Tyrants.

Every-day people, thirteen to the dozen,

Conceited jackanapes,

Simpletons, and

Paul Pry's.

Men are like scarecrows—they are found on forbidden grounds. They are like bees, the hum around and surround the most ravishing flowers, taste their sweets and fly away. Men are like swallows, they often seek the dirtiest corner to build their nests. They are like California gold, sought after in places where they are not found, and found where nobody would suspect them to be. Like organs, their tenderest tones are nothing but wind. Like cigars, more smoke than fire. It would be easy to continue, but I desist, in the hope that I have said enough to warn my inexperienced sisters. Beware of them, or, rather imitate one who knows, and make them beware of you.

Three Innocent Men.

Three innocent-looking men were waiting at the central depot the other evening for a western train to go out. They were meek and lowly in general appearance, and as they walked around they became known to each other, and finding that they had a whole hour to spare, one of them proposed to go across the street and get some lemonade. While en route a second moved to make it larger beer. When they got over the third intimated that whisky would suit him, and all took whisky straight. This broke the ice and they decided to play a little game of cut-throat euchre. After playing a game or two it was decided to increase the interest by putting up a little money.

"I can spare that much," said the first, as he threw down a counterfeit five dollar bill.

"I'll see that and say nothing about the premium," said the second, as he took out a bill from a broken Canadian bank.

"I'll put this Jurguson down as security," gravely added the third, as he pulled out the gold-washed cases of a watch which answered him for a tobacco box.

A peaceful smile stole over each face as the strangers scrutinized each other. They went in and got some more beverage and returned to the depot, wondering how it was that human nature is so unreliable.—*Detroit Free Press.*

This canal interest in New York expects a grand raid this season, from Bergh, who, by recent legislation, can take off tow-horses with shoulder-galls. As nearly all tow-horses have shoulder-galls, they charge that Bergh will suspend the canal business. We shouldn't wonder if such improvement were made in draft-harness as to obviate the necessity of shoulder-galls. It is one

of the cases where self-interest has to have its intelligence nudged by a little exercise of authority.

The Law Under which Belknap is to be Tried.

(From the United States Revised Statutes.)

Section 1,781.—Every member of congress, or any officer or agent of the government, who directly or indirectly takes, receives, or agrees to receive any money, property, or other valuable consideration whatever from any person for securing or aiding to procure any contract or office or place of the government, or any department thereof, from any officer of the United States, for any person whatever, or for giving any such contract, office, or place to any person whomsoever, and every person who, directly or indirectly, offers or agrees to give, or gives or bestows any money, property, other valuable consideration whatever for procuring, or aiding to procure, any such contract, office, or place, and every member of congress who directly or indirectly takes, receives, or agrees to receive any money, property, or other valuable consideration whatever, after his election as such member, for his attention, service, action, vote, or decision on any question, cause, or proceeding which may be pending, or may by law, or under the constitution, be brought before him in his official capacity or in his place as such member of congress, shall be made guilty of misdemeanor, and shall be imprisoned not more than two years and fined not more than \$10,000, and any such contract or agreement may, at the option of the president, be declared absolutely null and void, and any member of congress or officer convicted of a violation of this section shall, moreover, be disqualified from holding any office of honor, profit, or trust under the government of the United States.

Origin of the Belknap Investigation.

The following is given as the origin of the Belknap investigation: While in search for a house for his family in Washington, in December, the Hon. B. B. Lewis, of Alabama, was referred to G. O. Ames, real estate agent in that city. During their search for a house Mr. Ames, in conversation, stated to Mr. Lewis that he had formerly belonged to the army, but was dismissed through the enmity of Belknap; but that if he had the assistance of a member of Congress he could develop facts that would force Belknap to resign. Lewis tendered his assistance, and they subsequently had several interviews. Lewis being impressed with the advice of Mr. Randall, who advised that the facts be brought before Clymer, Chairman of the Committee on Expenditures in the War Department. Lewis and Ames saw Clymer, and the latter gave a list of witnesses, including Marsh. Afterward Clymer thought Ames was acting in bad faith, as the Secretary said Ames had proposed if he was restored to the army and certain other conditions complied with, he would drop the matter. Lewis said that if Ames was seeking only to levy blackmail of course they could have nothing to do with it, but advised, as Ames had furnished the names of witnesses, that they be called and examined, which was done.

Beds and Bedrooms.

Never use anything but light blankets as a covering for the sick. The heavy impervious cotton counterpane is bad for the reason that it keeps in the exhalations from the pores of the sick person, while the blankets allow them to pass through. Weak persons are invariably distressed by a great weight of bed clothes, which often prevents them from getting any sound sleep whatever. It is better to sleep in a cool room and dress in one that is well warmed, than the opposite. If it is necessary to heat the bedroom, let it be by means of an open grate fire, rather than by a register or flue. In view of the fact that most people pass one-third of the twenty-four hours in bed, the importance of having only the best bedding needs no argument. There is no wisdom, therefore, in buying cheap or second-class articles for the sleeping room; but true prudence directs to get the very best bedding that your means will command; a first-class hair mattress will outlast two of inferior quality. The same difference will also be found in respect to feathers, and with the latter, as with hair, the best is always cheapest. Too many young housekeepers neglect to follow this rule, and pursue a penny-wise and pound-foolish policy, where they might just as well have adopted the opposite practice.

Crime in New York.

During the five years ending December, 1875, says the *New York Times*, there were 281 homicides committed in the city of New York. Some of them were premeditated, many of them were unprovoked, and a large majority were utterly without palliation. Nevertheless, out of all this appalling number of man-killers the perpetrators who suffered death were only seven. Only twenty-four were sent to prison for life. And reviewing this dreadful list, we discover that more than one-fourth of the criminals were never brought to trial at all. Some of them escaped, and were never followed up and arrested. A few have ended their own worthless lives after they have committed crime, and more evade detection. These are in hiding to this day. Possibly some of them, variously disguised, return to their old haunts, and live securely in the belief that "the thing has blown over."

Among an invoice of old paper stock received at a Norwich paper mill recently was \$50,000,000 in canceled United States bonds.

An Artificial Mother.

Mr. T. B. Rogers, the famous poultry-raiser at Wethersfield, has "sensed the precise thing," and has invented what he calls an "artificial mother" for the rearing of young chickens. He estimates that about 50 per cent. of chickens hatched are lost by suffering from cold, by being stepped on by their mother, by care and other animals, and in various other ways. He also finds that chickens to be profitable should be hatched in the winter. He has hatched three broods in nine weeks with one hen—that is, he takes away the chickens as soon as hatched and places fresh eggs under the hen, and in this way keeps her busy propagating chickens. Mr. Rogers' next move was to get some invention that would take care of the chickens when hatched, and he has constructed what he calls an "artificial mother." This is a box with two compartments, and about three feet by two and a half feet wide. In the rear is a lid covered with wool, which slits within nine inches of the bottom; this is cut off from the front part by a strip that can be raised on hinges. The front is protected by lattice work, giving plenty of air and light, and on the outside are tin troughs, in which gravel, food and water are placed. The chickens can easily get their bills into these, and when they have got their fill they can run under the wool-covered lid, which is so soft and comfortable that they imagine they are under the old hen's wings. Mr. Rogers had in one of these boxes yesterday a brood of twenty-one chickens, sixteen of which were hatched last Thursday, and five on Sunday. They were all as lively as crickets, and seemed perfectly at ease. He took them to the Springfield poultry show on the noon train, where they will undoubtedly attract a good deal of attention. Mr. Rogers deals exclusively in light Brahmas, and thinks they are the best layers, as well as the most profitable fowls for the table.—*Hartford Courant.*

Concerning National Holidays.

The recent action of Congress in making, for the first time, the twenty-second of February, being the anniversary of Washington's birthday, a public holiday in the government offices, brings into notice the question of national holidays. Speaking strictly, it may be asserted that we have no national holiday in this country, with the single exception of the Fourth of July; and even this day, so universally observed, is not a holiday throughout the country by act of congress. In fact congress has no power over the subject of social and religious observances generally. These are matters which, under our peculiar form of government, are reserved to the States and to the people.

The most that congress can do or has ever assumed to do is to legislate with regard to what days may be treated as holidays in the departments at Washington and in the offices of public business throughout the country. Even the recent joint resolution which led to the observance of the twenty-second of February in the public offices of the government was confined by its terms to the present year, as the centennial year of American independence. Subsequently to the twenty-second of February Senator Edmunds introduced a bill to make the anniversary of Washington's birthday a holiday in the District of Columbia, and Senator Conkling, on occasion of the joint resolution which adjourned both houses of congress over the twenty-second of February, took occasion to intimate his belief that the time would soon come, if it had not already arrived, when it would become congress to take the same official notice of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, by setting it apart as a holiday for congress and the departments.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Why President Buchanan Remained a Bachelor.

In an elegant mansion near the Arlington hotel, in this city, reside two ladies of the olden aristocracy—Mrs. Froeman and her sister, Miss Coleman. About the latter lady a little romance clings which makes her interesting. She was the second and the affianced bride of the late President Buchanan, his first love having died in her youth, and until he met Miss Coleman he was almost a recluse from ladies' society. He was engaged to her when sent abroad as American Minister to the Court of St. James in London. At that time Miss Coleman resided in New York. He returned to this country on a visit, and on the evening he arrived Miss Coleman was giving a grand entertainment. He was fatigued, and instead of dressing and paying his respects to her immediately, retired to his room, and early next morning called to see her. She had taken offense at his not calling the evening before and refused to see him, and they never met again. What regrets were felt the world has never known, but many an angry impulse has wrecked the happiness of men and women beyond repair.—*Washington Cor. Chicago Journal.*

Yours gentlemen of family and expectations had better think twice before they make love to pretty milliners. Mr. Hibbard, of New York, has just been compelled to pay over \$2,000 to Miss Crocker, all because Mr. Hibbard, Jr., would send her theater tickets and offer to marry her.

The Fort Dodge (Iowa) *Times* says that Mrs. D. A. Dodd, of Humboldt County, has lately presented her liege lord with another heir, the twenty-sixth in eighteen years. Of the twenty-six, fourteen are twins. And yet they have none to spare.